

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 64. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1845.

PRICE 1½d.

RAILWAY LITERATURE.

AMONGST the very great alterations in our social system which railway extension over the breadth and length of Great Britain has produced, the effect it has had upon literature should not be overlooked. Railways have created a new class of publications exclusively devoted to their interests. They have called into existence not merely a new branch of literature, but a whole literature of their own, with each department definitely marked and industriously filled. They have their useful, serious, business books and periodicals for the public to consult, as it does the Ready-Reckoner or the Times newspaper. They have also their light and graceful belles lettres, which the fashionable world is beginning to prefer to commonplace poetry and blasé fiction. A glance at this new and comprehensive literature will assuredly be instructive of the ever-advancing progress of this country.

In the useful department, pre-eminence must be given to a neat waistcoat-pocket compendium, which is as portable as the tiniest Ready-Reckoner, and quite as necessary to the man of business. It may be with truth designated the traveller's best companion, although its real title is 'Bradshaw's Railway Guide.' It consists of a set of tables, interspersed with distinctly engraved maps. The tables tell us the respective distances, the times of starting from and arriving at every railway station in Great Britain; to which is added a list of the fares for each distance. Supposing, therefore, a man to be lounging in the neighbourhood of John o' Groat's a few years hence (when all the railways in this island shall have been complete), and he possess a copy of Mr Bradshaw's miniature time-book, he will only have to make one or two references to it to be able to inform himself of the hour, nay, of the precise minute, at which he would arrive at the Land's End in Cornwall. Even by the aid of the edition now before us, a traveller being in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, may very safely order by post a dinner for the next day at Mr Wynn's excellent hotel in Falmouth at a certain number of minutes before or after any particular hour; and start with the assurance that, though he will have to go over some four hundred and sixty miles—not of ground exactly, but of iron rail—he will be nearly sure of finding himself seated at table just as the Falmouth cook is dishing up the pilchards. He can also, before setting out, calculate from the lists of fares the exact amount of money the excursion will cost him, and know, by consulting the maps, through what counties, towns, and villages he will pass. All this information, and much more about steamboats, coaches, and carriers, is compressed into the smallest possible compass, and bound up in a neat cloth cover.

Next in utility, though perhaps far above Mr Brad-

shaw's little work in point of importance, come several newspapers, which are exclusively devoted to railway affairs. Those already existing are the Railway Journal, the Railway Times, the Railway Record, and the Irish Railway Gazette, published weekly, and the Railway Register, issued monthly. All these periodicals are conducted by scientific men, with a high degree of respectability and independence; the last, a most essential qualification; for their conductors are manifestly more open to temptations of partiality and favouritism than any other class of editors. Hence there resides much influence in these journals for good or for evil. Being looked up to by the public as authorities on the subject to which they are devoted, they have the power either to puff off unstable schemes, which are never intended to be carried further than the share market; or, by dint of cautious inquiry and fearless exposure, to guard capitalists against them. As vehicles for the publication of various transactions connected with old as well as new lines, they put their readers in possession of data upon which to form correct opinions concerning the actual condition and progress not only of particular companies, but of the aggregate of the new but gigantic interest which is now centered in this mode of conveyance. To the honour of all the important companies be it spoken, open unconcealed trading appears to be their rule of conduct, and each publishes a weekly account of the amount of business done during every eight days. Under the head of 'Official railway traffic returns,' there appears in the railway newspapers a table setting forth the money received for the transit of passengers and goods. That every means of calculation and deduction may be afforded to the interested reader, beside this item is placed the amount of receipts of the corresponding weeks in as many previous years as the line has been in operation; also the authorised capital of every company, the amount of its periodical expenses, and the dividend per cent. received by each shareholder at the last division of profits. Thus, by the aid of the railway journals, a person who wishes to invest money may know the exact value of the shares he would purchase on the very day he desires to buy them; and, moreover, be able to form a tolerably correct notion as to whether the property is likely to improve, or to become deteriorated in value. Thanks, therefore, to the exertions of 'railway editors,' there is no species of property which a capitalist can purchase with his eyes so widely open as railway property; for if he wishes to invest his money in houses, he must depend greatly upon the opinion of his builder, or upon the interested report he gets regarding the character and responsibility of the tenants. If, again, he desires land property, he is almost entirely in the hands of his surveyor; but, in buying railway shares, he has only to consult the railway newspapers, and he may judge unerringly for him-

self. To assist him in such cases, the 'Railway Record' attaches to its weekly account 'Notes on the traffic table,' in which is set forth a short statement of the condition (whether finished or not) of the line, or any speciality in the monetary affairs of each company.

There is one peculiarity belonging to these newspapers which, so far as we recollect, no others possess. They are entirely and unmixedly devoted to their one subject, to the exclusion of every other description of matter whatever. The military and naval journals contain short accounts of what is going on in the civil world; the doings of laymen are recorded in the religious papers; and, in short, most of the publications addressed to special classes show some little sympathy with the ordinary affairs of life by some brief chronicle of them. Not so with the papers under consideration. We have one before us, for instance, containing twenty-four pages of close print, and not one single word relative to anything besides railways. So inflexible do the conductors appear in this respect, that they even exclude the flourishing eloquence of puffing advertisers. Out of ten pages of advertisements, not one but has direct or indirect reference to railways. Besides several of the official advertisements of the various companies, they consist of announcements of patent inventions for particular parts of railway machinery, of the names and addresses of share-brokers, and other announcements only relating to railways. The news is equally exclusive: Reports of meetings of companies, letters from aggrieved travellers or disappointed shareholders, information concerning foreign railways, railway police reports, with a leading article, and an essay or two on locomotive topics, form the sum of contents in a railway newspaper.

From the researches we have made from time to time in these very exclusive vehicles of railway information, we may conscientiously say that—considering the temptations we have before hinted at which lie in their way to diverge from the straight line of honesty and truth—a better conducted class of newspapers does not exist. Some, of course, are better than others; but it would be as invidious as unnecessary here to make distinctions.

A few of the temptations to which railway editors are exposed, may be mentioned in the second section of our little treatise on the useful department of railway literature. The readers of general newspapers may have observed that almost every one of these organs, whether provincial or metropolitan, devotes a column or so to 'Railway Intelligence,' in which all the several haps that the railway is heir to are duly chronicled. Where, in the case of a provincial paper, a line is projected or in progress through the district in which it is published, that of course forms the subject for the exercise of the editor's pen—the pivot on which to turn the graces of rhetoric in his leaders. When rival lines are proposed, rival newspapers naturally take a stand in their favour, and a fierce pen and ink war ensues; which introduces us to the controversial department of railway literature. Without hinting a breath of disrespect against provincial editors as a body, we may now produce our instances of the temptations to tergiversation to which they are exposed. We learn from one of the parliamentary reports, that in a certain district a warfare between two rival companies ran so high, and was so energetically supported, that the older of the projecting companies thought it expedient to 'buy off' the opposition of their vigorous opponent, and he was soon able to present an exception to a very general rule; namely, that of a literary man retiring upon a fortune! In his case railway literature had proved a golden egg, though he managed to hatch it under very discreditable circumstances. Another even stronger example of the height to which literary warfare has been carried, is mentioned on good authority. In a midland county, an editor wielded his facts and his logic so manfully, that, in the opinion of the opposed company, he created an effect upon

the minds of his readers far too serious not to damage, perhaps to overthrow, their project. Against bribes—unlike his above-mentioned brother journalist—he was proof. A new paper was started in opposition, but the leaders were weak and ineffective compared with his. Every scheme was tried that ingenuity could invent, or cash execute, to silence him; but the more this was attempted, the stronger he wrote, and the more fiercely he denounced the scheme. At length one of the directors hit upon an expedient worthy of Machiavel. He got himself cautiously introduced to the proprietor of the journal, professed a desire to risk a few thousands in a newspaper property, and by the dazzling offers he made, actually induced the unconscious proprietor, unknown to his editor (who would perhaps have told him better), to sell the property. The moment the bargain was concluded, it was discovered too late that the railway company had, through the wily director, possessed themselves of the copyright of the paper, of the printing-office, and of the services of the editor. He, however, nobly refused to change his railway politics, and was accordingly dismissed, taking with him the respect both of friends and enemies. This case will readily be credited when we state that in one of the reports adverted to, it is stated that the cost of a certain railway in 'buying off' opposition from land proprietors as well as editors, and in law, amounted to £1800 per mile; and that before a single rail was laid, or a spade put into the ground.

Before dismissing the four well-conducted special railway journals, and the regular stand which railway intelligence and controversy has taken in the columns of the press in general, we must not forget that the London Gazette has of late become almost a railway newspaper. By a recent act of parliament, not only notices of every projected line must be set forth, but the decisions of the government railway board concerning their expediency promulgated in that official publication. During the present session of parliament, notices for no fewer than 248 new branches or new lines have been issued, and it is no uncommon thing to see the Gazette nearly filled with them.

But of the vast masses of printing called into existence by railways, there is nothing to equal in quantity the reports of parliamentary committees—those enormous folio 'blue-books,' so dreadful to the visions of busy editors, but so dear to the eyes of enthusiastic statisticians. Whenever a dispute occurs concerning the expediency of having more than one line laid down between the same places, or when certain interested parties deem any railway whatever inexpedient, the controversy is referred to a 'select committee of the House of Commons.' These committees consist of some eight or ten members of parliament, who hear evidence on both sides, and give their decision in 'reports.' It often happens that weeks are employed in merely taking evidence; every word of which is accurately noted in short-hand, afterwards printed, and stitched into the well-known blue covers. Besides this, there is a report of the committee printed separately, as well as addenda, appendices, &c. Now, it happened that, in the course of the last session of parliament, between forty and fifty of these committees sat, heard evidence, reported, and—printed. Consequently, at the very least five-and-forty blue-books were issued, with their equally blue satellites, in the shape of reports, additions, and appendices. Supposing we give to each of these twelve hundred and fifty pages (a moderate average), we may calculate that in one year railway speculation and railway opposition called into existence upwards of sixty thousand folio pages of print! And this is not all. These reports give rise to countless pamphlets, written either in reply to some of the witnesses, or for the advocacy of particular views. As regards the utility or instructiveness of the blue-book branch of railway literature, we can only say that its chief fault is its extreme bulkiness; for much honey is to be extracted from it. Amongst the witnesses are

the most eminent engineers, who furnish valuable information in answer to questions put to them; practical men of business supply lessons of sound wisdom; whilst non-professional witnesses sometimes relieve the tedium of scientific detail by the quaintness or jocularly of their replies.

From the statistical, periodical, and controversial writings which the all-powerful locomotive has created, we now turn to its historical literature. Upon this subject much has been written, and a short summary of what has already appeared we now propose to give. Railways being still in their infancy, of course their history is short.

The mere notion of lessening the draught of wheeled carriages by running them on the smooth surface of wooden or iron rails, is by no means new; such rails, in the form of grooves or ruts, for the reception of the edges of wheels, and called *trams*, were in use quite two centuries ago in the English collieries. Roger North, in describing the 'way-leaves' granted for the privilege of laying down such roads, and of transit over them at Newcastle, says, 'When men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell *leave* to lead coals over their ground, and so dear, that the owner of a rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal-merchants.'

This practice was somewhat older than 1676, when the above passage was written. By the middle, however, of the last century, the iron works of Shropshire and Staffordshire had become sufficiently extensive to enable the Northumberland coal proprietors to substitute iron for wooden trams, and to attract the system southward. In 1760, iron plates were first laid down upon wooden rails in Colebrook Dale, Shropshire, and were speedily adopted in all the English and Welsh mines and collieries; so that by 1811 there were, in South Wales alone, above 150 miles of this description of railway. Still, the power of steam remained unapplied till the year 1813, when Mr George Stephenson constructed the first locomotive engine. Mere theorists thought him crazed; for it was never supposed that the smooth wheels of a steam-carriage would adhere sufficiently to the equally smooth rails, so as to produce locomotion. It was thought that the wheels would run, or rather slip, round without moving the carriage; that, in short, 'they would not *bite*.' But George Stephenson determined to try by actual experiment. 'The first locomotive which I made,' said that gentleman, at a dinner given to him late last year in Newcastle, 'was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth's money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and Co. were the first parties that would intrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made 32 years ago, and we called it "My Lord." I said to my friends that there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, provided the works could be made to stand.' A partial failure on the Stockton and Darlington line—on which Stephenson's locomotive was tried, and which was opened in 1825, for conveying passengers by means of horse-draught—led to a temporary prejudice against his sanguine views as to amount of speed. One writer, who professed himself a friend of locomotive engines, delivered himself as follows:—'It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculatist will be realised, and that we shall see engines travelling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm towards their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such nonsense!'

Still Stephenson, who knew well what he was about, persisted in asserting the above 'nonsense'; but it was so little heeded even by experienced men, that when, in 1828, the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester railway employed him, and he was summoned as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, they intreated him not to shock the common sense of the members by stating his expectations of higher speed than ten miles an hour. 'When,' said Mr Stephenson, in the above-quoted speech, 'I went to Liverpool to plan a line to Manchester, I pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I said I had no doubt the locomotive might be made to go much faster, but we had better be moderate at the beginning. The directors said I was quite right; for if, when they went to parliament, I talked of going at a greater rate than ten miles an hour, I would put a cross on the concern. It was not an easy task for me to keep the engine down to ten miles an hour; but it must be done, and I did my best. I had to place myself in that most unpleasant of all positions—the witness-box of a parliamentary committee. I was not long in it, I assure you, before I began to wish for a hole to creep out at. I could not find words to satisfy either the committee or myself. Some one inquired if I were a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down. Assistance gradually increased—improvements were made every day—and to-day a train, which started from London in the morning, has brought me in the afternoon to my native soil, and enabled me to take my place in this room, and see around me many faces which I have great pleasure in looking upon.' Thanks to the indomitable perseverance of Stephenson in persisting in his 'nonsense,' there are at present nearly a hundred lines in Great Britain in full operation, on not one of which is the average rate of speed less than twenty miles per hour. So much for the 'ridiculous expectations of enthusiastic speculatists.' From this scrap of railway history, we turn to a consideration of its light literature.

We cannot conscientiously recommend so strongly as the railway newspapers, certain other periodicals professing to be devoted to the lighter matters which float about railways, because they seem in a great measure to hoist false colours. On looking into them, we cannot perceive that they are anything more than repertoires of general facts and stray witticisms, illustrated with wood engravings. We must therefore dismiss them at once, to consider the effects which railways are gradually spreading over the current literature of the day.

Composed as a railway train is of mechanical details, and connected as it is with utilitarian maxims and doings, it possesses, we believe, some of the elements of poetry. Sink details—remove it to a distance where we only witness its force and speed, and, even as a sight, it becomes sublime. Regard it further as a recent product of man's restless ingenuity—a surprising application of physical principles to the convenience of our race, and the sublimity becomes moral. Here there surely is poetry. *Against* railways, indeed, the voice of a distinguished English poet has lately been raised. But his effusion was promptly answered by other sonnetteers, who adopted the views we are now advocating. And why should it not be? The ship, with all its attributes and accessories, has for ages furnished similes for poets: who can say that, when Time has sufficiently hallowed such objects, steamers and locomotives will not be equally prolific in tropes? To the novelist, a railway train is invaluable; for where can he bring his characters so unexpectedly, yet so probably together as in a double-seated carriage? His elopements may be managed with far more celerity—hence with far more excitement—by rail than by the slow-going postera of the old north road; and then for a catastrophe, what would satisfy poetical justice and a melo-dramatic author so abundantly, as to crush up all his bad characters by a railway collision? We perceive that one writer

* Life of Lord Keeper Guilford, vol. i. p. 265.

has taken to the rail for his plots in right earnest. In recent numbers of the Dublin University Magazine appears a series entitled 'Tales of the Trains, being some chapters of Railroad Romance.

We take leave of the subject by mentioning one very gratifying fact which is intimately connected with it. Some of the liberal minded amongst the railway directories have provided for their engineers, stokers, and other employees, small and compact libraries for their amusement or instruction during the many intervals of leisure which necessarily occur. These collections of books, enclosed in a case so as to be easily removed from one station to another, form libraries always at the command of the companies' servants at the hours they most need them. Some time ago we had the pleasure of selecting such a collection at the request of the authorities of a railway near Edinburgh.

THE ENGLISH PEASANTRY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE rural population forms a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the British islands: on them we are dependent for much of our domestic comfort and national prosperity; for all those agricultural ameliorations which have changed the barren heath into a fertile field, and converted the unwholesome swamp into the verdant meadow; and yet how few have ever troubled themselves to inquire into the origin and history of the tillers of the soil. A little information on this subject may be of service to those well-intentioned individuals who take pleasure in improving the condition of their dependents. The past is a mighty teacher, and the great lessons it sets before us are not to be lightly regarded.

We learn that the progress of the class whose history we are about to consider has ever been, though slow and often checked, upwards, onwards. Starting from the lowest point to which humanity can descend, they have bravely, and to a great degree successfully, contended against the disheartening impediments thrown in their way—a result which certainly entitles them to our respect, and one that should lead us to look upon their lack of education, and rudeness of manners, with a little more charity than is our wont.

Those who have journeyed much over the pleasant roads of England, who have stepped aside from the highway to the green and leafy lanes, cannot fail to have remarked the peculiarities of appearance, manners, and speech, which the peasantry of that country exhibit; characteristics that vary with every change of county, showing most of them marked traces of the original extraction of the race who have gone on ploughing and sowing from the days of the Heptarchy to the present time, little thought of in the strife of interests, the exactions, privations, and sufferings, which so materially affected their own position, and retarded their advance towards those changes which, releasing them from bondage to the soil, has left them in the circumstances presented by our own day.

We shall avail ourselves of the publication of an interesting paper in the thirtieth volume of the *Archæologia*, to throw light on the physical history of this little-headed race, which it appears sprang originally from a class of slaves, and is quite distinct from the pure Anglo-Saxon stock. For the source of this state of things, we must go back to the days when the Teutonic tribes existed in all their warlike ferocity over the whole of Germany: when flocks and herds were held in more esteem than tillage; and when attachment to chiefs, and councils held in the open air, were the chief characteristics of their nomadic

or wandering life. Society was then divided into two great classes—the masters and the slaves; the latter most probably having been brought into that condition by conquest, while their numbers were maintained undiminished by captives taken in predatory expeditions, or by others sold or condemned to slavery. A similar state of things exists in Russia even in the present day; there the serfs, or lowest portion of the agricultural population, occupy the same place as did the slaves of the Germanic nations.

The first code of laws affecting the condition of the Anglo-Saxon serf was made under the influence of St Augustine in the sixth century: our knowledge of the previous ages is very uncertain. When the Angles and Saxons first came to settle in this island, which happened soon after the departure of the Romans (the fifth century), we are told by old chroniclers that they came in such great numbers as to depopulate their own countries: they must consequently have brought with them a numerous servile class of settlers, who would be employed in cultivating their new possessions, already occupied by the people subjugated and abandoned by Rome. From this intermixture may be traced the peculiar characteristics of the rural population. The earlier kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons were Kent, under the dominion of Ethelbert, the patron of St Augustine; Essex; Wessex, under King Ina, which would naturally contain the greater part of the foreign race of agriculturists; while in Mercia, the remoter parts of Northumberland, governed by Edwin, and the western districts of the island, the majority must have consisted of the older British population.

The common name of the serf under the Anglo-Saxons was *theow*, a bondman. The term for a female was *wylor*. Of these the unmarried portion had no recognised protection from the outrages of their lords. Marriages could not take place between those residing on two different estates, as such a connexion would involve division of families, and lead to disputes between the proprietors. Marriages of theows were looked upon as legitimate; but if one party obtained freedom without being able to free the other, the marriage was no longer binding, and the liberated slave was at liberty to choose another partner. The master had the power of life and death over the theows, for whom there was no appeal: and although they were not prevented from acquiring property, it was never safe in their possession; and it appears that the only punishment ever thought of for those who defrauded them of their gains, was that of penance under the ecclesiastical law, of which we find different degrees enjoined against those who stole from the theows the money they had lawfully earned; or those who slay them without judgment or cause; or a lady who beats her wylor, so that she die within three days; or a free man who, by order of his lord, killed a theow. According to the laws of King Ina of Wessex, if a theow worked on the Sunday by his lord's command, the lord lost all right over him, and he became free; but if he worked without his master's consent, he was to 'suffer in his hide,' or be flogged.

During the whole of the Anglo-Saxon period, the number of the theows was continually changing by manumission and the condemnation of free men to slavery—a punishment equivalent to that of a modern sentence to the hulks or galleys. If a freeman worked on the Sunday by his own choice, he incurred the penalty of servitude, or a fine of sixty shillings. If he struck one of the royal foresters on duty, or killed one of the king's

deer, he was equally deprived of freedom. 'If he stole himself,' or ran away, he was to be hanged. In times of distress many persons voluntarily sold themselves to theowdom, with the object of securing protection and a livelihood. A father might sell his own children before they reached their seventh year; after that age he could not do so without the child's consent. It does not appear that the theows paid any direct tax to the king, though a toll was exacted for their sale. We learn from a passage in the *Colloquium of Alfric*, published early in the eleventh century, a few particulars as to the nature of the service they rendered to their lords. A ploughman is examined concerning his occupations:—"What sayest thou, ploughman; how dost thou perform thy work?" The answer is, "My lord, I labour excessively. I go out at dawn of day, driving my oxen to the field, and yoke them to the plough. There is no weather so severe that I dare rest at home, for fear of my lord; but having yoked my oxen, and fastened the share and coulter to the plough, every day I must plough a whole field (acre?) or more." The teacher continues, "Hast thou any companion?" "I have a boy who urges the oxen with a goad, and who is now hoarse with cold and shouting." "What more dost thou in the day?" "Truly, still I do more: I must fill the mangers of the oxen with hay, and water them, and carry out their dung." "Oh! oh! it is great tribulation." "Yea, it is great tribulation, because I am not free."* The concluding words of this examination contain the key to that sullen spirit of opposition too often encountered among the humbler classes of society in all ages of the world, while the remark of the teacher shows that the serfs were kindly and compassionately regarded by the Anglo-Saxon clergy, who encouraged the practice of gratuitous manumission as an action highly meritorious in the eyes of the church. We are informed that Athelstan Mannessone set free thirteen men in every thirly, choosing them by lot, through all his lands, for the salvation of his soul; 'that being placed in the open road, they were at liberty to go whither they would.' It sometimes happened that a man who had no theows of his own, bought one, in order to emancipate him, an instance of which is recorded in the case of Alfric, canon of Exeter, 'who redeemed Reinold of Heberdii and his children and all their offspring for two shillings, and Alfric proclaimed him free and sac-less in town and out of town, for the love of God.' The theows sometimes saved sufficient money to purchase their own freedom and that of their families. At Exeter, Huscari liberated himself for forty pennies. Leofwine, son of Feala, bought 'himself and his offspring, to be at liberty to choose themselves masters where they would,' for half a pound.

This was the condition of the great mass of the population during the long period embracing the Saxon and Danish lines of rulers; but when the Normans, under William the Conqueror, invaded and subjugated the country, they viewed their dependents in a less favourable light than their Anglo-Saxon masters had done. The cruelties and exactions of the new oppressors, in their own country, had goaded the peasantry into frequent insurrections; in which the latter were defeated by their lords with the most contemptuous and horrible cruelties. In England, they enforced the laws which strengthened their own power with the greatest seve-

riety, while they disregarded or rejected those which favoured the suffering theows. They even degraded the free and wealthy occupiers to a level with the poorest, diminishing at the same time the security of personal property. They also introduced the Norman term, *villani*, for the theows. We have several striking pictures of the condition to which the peasants were reduced under the feudal barons. They were loaded with taxes; and when fines were levied by the king on their masters, these were always wrung from the poor villans, who complained that 'their lords do nothing but persecute them. They cannot have their goods safe, nor their earnings, nor the fruits of their labour. They pass their days in tribulation, with great pain and labour. Every year is worse than that which preceded. Every day their beasts are taken from them for aid and services; there are so many claims brought against them, and taxes old and new. There are so many reeves, and baddles, and bailiffs, that they cannot have one hour's peace; they can have no security either against the lord or against his sergeant, who keep no covenant with them, and some even apply to them opprobrious epithets.' Most of the services required of the villans were galling and degrading in the extreme. They could not marry without paying a tax to their lord. In fact, they were looked on as no better than cattle: a contempt which at times cost their masters dear; for to the brutality of the tax-gatherers of Richard II. to the daughters of the peasantry, we may look as among the immediate causes of the insurrection under Wat Tyler.

We may gain a pretty accurate idea of the condition of the oppressed serf from one of the metrical romances or ballads which were so popular during the thirteenth century. 'There was a poor villan who had a wife and children, whom he supported by cutting wood in an adjoining forest. One day, whilst thus employed, and bemoaning his miserable condition, he heard a voice which issued from the root of a tree, and which offered to raise him from his poverty if he would promise to be pious and charitable when he became rich. The spirit then told him that his name was Merlin; that when he returned home, if he dug in a certain spot in his garden he would find a great treasure; and that at the end of a year he might return to the tree and intimate his further wishes. At the end of the year the villan returned, and humbly and respectfully made known his desire to become provost of the town. This wish was immediately granted: but the villan, elected provost, became cruel and oppressive to all his inferiors. At the end of another year the villan returned again to the wood, and addressed the spirit familiarly, and with somewhat less respect than before. "What is your will now?" said Merlin. "I desire that my son, who is a clerk, may become a bishop." Within a few weeks a bishopric fell vacant, and the villan's son was elected. At the end of a third year the villan, still less respectfully, required that his daughter might be married to "the grand provost of Aquileia," which also soon afterwards came to pass. The villan had now arrived at the summit of his wishes; and, at the end of the fourth year, it was only at the request of his wife that he would condescend to return to the wood, and rudely say farewell to his benefactor. The spirit reproached him with his ingratitude, and threatened him with punishment. Within a short time his daughter (the grand provost's wife) and his son, the bishop, died; and, which was still worse, "his lord," soon after engaging in war with a powerful neighbour, was in want of money to carry on his hostilities, and demanded of the rich villan a thousand pounds; the villan pleaded that he could not raise the money, and refused to pay it, and then the lord, in revenge, seized all his property, and left him only enough to buy an axe, to enable him to resume his old trade of a woodcutter.

This tale not only conveys a beautiful moral, but proves that the sons of the serfs were not debarred from learning. In the example above, we see mention is made

* It is remarkable how correctly this description applies to the labours of a Scottish (perhaps also English) ploughman of the present day. In our country, it is his practice everywhere to commence work at daybreak all the year over, and to go on through the day performing exactly the duties above described; the severity of which, it is strongly to be suspected, tells heavily upon the constitutions of these men, scantily provided as they are with the main necessities of life; hence our farm-labourers—a quiet and generally well-behaved class—become for the most part prematurely old about five-and-forty.—Ed.

of the *clerc* rising to a bishopric. At the same time it is evident that, with the acquisition of riches and honours, the villan had not ceased to be a slave. His case furnishes an illustration of the impunity with which the class were frequently plundered by their lords, who were strangers to them both in blood and language. The villans were virtually outlaws; they could not legally inherit lordship, bring any action, or give testimony in a court of law. A poet of that day disdains the idea of teaching villans and making them priests. 'I see,' he says, 'many places dishonoured by them; there are plenty of gentlemen; and he did a great sin who ever introduced a villan among them.' The poets and minstrels of the age, by their songs, increased the contempt of their lords for the peasantry: they delighted in drawing pictures of the hatred with which the villan regarded all of gentle birth: 'the doggish villan is he who sits before his door on Sundays and holidays, and mocks all who pass; and if he see pass a gentleman with a hawk on his fist, he will cry out, "Ha! that kite there will eat to-night a hen, which would be sufficient to fill all my children."' Some of the writers inquire, 'Why should villans eat beef or any dainty food? They ought to eat, for their Sunday diet, nettles, reeds, briars, and straw; while pea-shells are good enough for their every-day food. They ought to go forth naked on four feet in the meadows, to eat grass with the horned oxen.' A villan was declared to be incapable of telling the truth, or of feeling gratitude. Another writer says, 'God, who hast sent the multitude of rustics for the service of clerks and knights, and who hast sowed discord between us and them; grant us, we beseech thee, to live upon their labours, and to rejoice in their mortification.'

But the English minstrels, they who wandered among the populace, told a different story. Their songs abound with stirring recitals of the wrongs, of the injustice and oppression endured by the peasantry, who at length were driven to appeal to the king. The time had come when the slaves were to be heard; and the decline of the feudal system accelerated the movements which broke out vigorously in the fourteenth century.

It appears that at an early period there were villans possessed of sufficient courage to speak in court in defence of their fellows. This generosity was, however, turned into ridicule; they were called 'prince villans, who go to plead before the bailiff for the gain of one hundred sols.' Many persons, also, skilled in the laws, aided the villans in their pleadings against their oppressors; these were paid by subscriptions raised among the serfs themselves; and it appears that at this period they met in great numbers, and swore to stand by each other in defence of their rights.

In the reign of Henry II., a law was passed to forbid the seizure of the property of the villans in payment of the debts of their lords; and boroughs were then first incorporated, from which the freemen derived great privileges and protection from the power of the barons. The next reign saw the great charter wrung from the tyrannical John: one article related to the villans—when fines were inflicted on them, they were to be permitted to retain their tools; a proof of the wretchedness of their condition, when this was regarded as a measure of justice. It is, however, from the time of the third Henry that the commons date their importance, being then first admitted to parliament, and privileges granted to them which were afterwards confirmed. Great truths began to be perceptible; the preaching of Wickliffe awakened the minds of the peasantry; a new light broke upon them; the democratic precepts of the Bible pleased them: it was said that at the 'beginning of the world there were no slaves;' and the villans, finding their appeal to the laws productive of little or no benefit, resolved on striking a great blow for their freedom. They assembled to the number of 100,000, and marched, 'with arms in their hands, to lay their grievances before the king. They hastened towards London from the eastern and south-eastern counties, where the reforming

spirit was generally strongest, on account of their frequent communication with the agitators on the continent. On the way, they would not let slip the opportunity of trying if "villans' blows were as hard as lords' blows;" and a few acts of violence showed that they were but too willing "to destroy all gentility." Their leaders, indeed, preached to them that in the days of Adam there were no gentlemen. They obtained for a moment possession of London; and if their leaders had been steady and skilful, it is impossible to say what might have been the result. They had come together with a variety of complaints, which, however, at last merged into one great grievance; and when the king had consented to give general charters of enfranchisement, they returned willingly to their homes. But when they had laid down their arms, the charters of enfranchisement were withdrawn, and the villans were not only reduced to their old condition again, but hundreds of executions evinced the vengeance and hatred of their masters. Another age of slavery followed before the wretched peasantry were allowed to be considered in the light of men. The change was gradual, and has left fewer traces in history than might have been expected. The shadow of the old state of things is still preserved in many of our old manorial customs; and the memory of the old feeling of the lords towards their dependents has been perpetuated in the signification now attached to the word villan.'

We will now take a long step in advance, and look at the condition of the labourers at a later period—the reign of Edward VI. In the interval, the great increase and spread of commerce and manufactures, and the suppression of monastic institutions, had entirely changed the social relations. The peasantry no longer formed part of the value of the estate on which they had been born; they could go where they pleased, and, consequently, were no longer fed or cared for by the lords: they endured many privations, which were in a great measure relieved by the benevolence of the church; their daily necessities had been relieved at the gates of the monasteries throughout the land. But the despoiling of these establishments in the preceding reign had cut off the source of ecclesiastical charity, and thrown a great burden of indigence and misery upon the community at large: it was then found necessary to devise measures of relief, and at the same time to provide employment and stimulate industry. A statute for the punishment of idleness was the consequence: severity was regarded as the first remedy. Sloth, when detected, subjected the offender to two years of slavery either to his parish, or to those who captured him. The law further recommended that the individuals thus captured should be punished by the severest of labour, with scanty food; from which, if the poor wretch attempted to escape, he became the property of his master for life, and was stamped on the breast with a red-hot iron with the letter S for slave. A second attempt to run away was punished by hanging. Idle children were legally recognised as the slaves of any one who would be at the trouble of catching them—boys until the age of twenty-four, and girls to twenty-one—and might be confined with rings or chains at the discretion of their captors. It is easy to imagine what must have been the intolerable abuses of such a law. It was repealed before the end of the reign, and two collectors were appointed in every parish to receive money, the payment of which, for the relief of the starving peasantry, was enforced by a law, which continued in operation down to the time of Elizabeth, when the price of labour was fixed, and those who had no ostensible occupation were compelled to resort to agricultural labour, or other specified employments. The period of notice on quitting service, as well as the regulations for the apprenticeship of children, was also fixed. Houses of correction were established, and overseers appointed. All of these measures were finally embodied in the act maintained, with little alteration, until the late change from which the 'unions' date their origin.

We have thus given a slight outline, extending over a long period of history, and embracing many phases in the progress of a race who require, above all, a spur to independent and honourable exertion—the constant support of an elevating motive.

TRAVELS BY A SCOTTISH CLERGYMAN.

THE REV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON,* minister of the New Grayfriars Church, Edinburgh, was in 1841 commissioned by the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly to proceed to Gibraltar, for the purpose of arranging the appointment of a Presbyterian chaplain for the troops. Besides executing his mission, he visited, in going, Vigo, Lisbon, and Cadiz; and while at Gibraltar, made excursions to such places of note as were within the reach of the time and means at his command: amongst these were Seville, Malaga, and Granada. He also crossed the Strait of Gibraltar, and visited Tangier, which recent events have brought into much notice. Since his return, he has presented his observations in a volume marked by much more sprightliness than was to have been expected from his profession or his mission. We propose glancing over this work, and showing a few specimens of the metal it is made of.

TANGIER.

The town of Tangier, built at the eastern mouth of the Gibraltar Straits, is surrounded by a Gothic wall, flanked at short distances with small towers. A fosse not more than three or four feet deep surrounds the base of the wall in its entire extent, which is about two thousand and a half yards. This ditch is either in ruins or planted with vegetables. In front of the port, and at its entrance, many batteries arise, of two storeys, armed in all with about sixty pieces of ordnance. Tangier being the residence of the foreign consuls, and of a large number of Christians as well as Jews, is called by strict Mussulmen the town of infidels. The number of inhabitants has been variously estimated at from six to twelve thousand.

Under the guidance of an intelligent and well-dressed cicerone, Mr Robertson, and two gentlemen who accompanied him from Gibraltar, surveyed the town. 'Town,' he continues, 'I presume it must be called; but so unlike is it to anything that bears that name in Europe, that were it not for the houses of the consuls, it bears about as much resemblance to a town as a city of ant-hills. The houses are so small, that one might believe them to be inhabited by a race of pigmies, were it not for the tall, brawny, muscular fellows who are seen going in and out. The houses never exceed two storeys in height, and these very low. The entrance is low and narrow. Each house has an open court like the Spanish patio in the middle, in which there is invariably to be found a fig, vine, or olive tree; so that in this happy land every man reposes "under his own vine, and under his own fig-tree." These interior courts or quadrangles are, like the apartments of the house, of very small dimensions; but they serve to keep the rooms cool and airy, as they all enter from them. The roofs are perfectly flat, and covered with *terras*, a composition of lime and small stones beaten smooth with wooden mallets. In the better class of houses, there are pipes which conduct the rain-water from the roof to cisterns under ground. But in general there is no such provision; and the cement being quite insufficient to exclude the wet, in the rainy season the rain penetrates both roof and walls, and keeps the whole house in a miserable state. All the apartments are on the veriest pigmy scale. If the Moor has room to squat, he wants no more. The furniture is common and simple; and almost the only ornament in their rooms is a rich and beautiful piece of

Morocco needlework, wrought on coarse muslin, of various patterns and the most brilliant colours, occasionally hung as drapery round a small looking-glass on the wall, or in front of the bed. The streets are rarely wider than is absolutely necessary to allow two donkeys to pass each other; and if both are laden, they may sometimes find the passage narrow enough. They are littered with all kinds of refuse. Very few of the houses have any windows to the street; so that one appears to be walking in narrow lanes betwixt two dead walls, in place of in the streets of a populous town.'

Of the castle of Tangier, which lately received such rough treatment from the guns of the French, our traveller says, 'It stands on an eminence overhanging the town, and commands a magnificent view over the town and bay. The hill on which it stands had once been extensively fortified, but the works are now entirely dismantled, and almost in ruins. The castle itself externally appears almost as ruinous as the fortification, but is nevertheless still used as the residence of the governor when at Tangier. On entering, we were astonished to find the apartments in such good repair, belying their outward promise. One is astounded, after scrambling over broken walls, and through heaps of lime and rubbish, to be conducted into elegant and tasteful apartments, adorned with all the beautiful and fantastic ornaments peculiar to Moorish architecture. In the centre of the building there is, as usual, a large open quadrangle, surrounded by an elegant colonnade of white marble. The pillars are of the slender and graceful proportions so much admired in Moorish buildings, and their capitals fantastic and varied, but all bearing a resemblance to the Corinthian. The apartments on both storeys are small, but a great portion of their gaudy and glittering, but most tasteful decorations, is entire. The vaulted roofs, richly ornamented and embossed, and painted in various brilliant colours, are in perfect preservation. Much of the ancient party-coloured glazed tiling also remains, and the delicate tracery of the lacework on the walls is uninjured, except by whitewash. In fact, the castle of Tangier, in the style of its decorations, is the counterpart of the Alcazar of Seville; perhaps more perfect in respect of the ornamental part, but possessing no such elegantly proportioned apartments, and especially nothing at all comparable to the noble Hall of the Ambassadors. At present, it looks desolate and empty. There is not a single stick of furniture in any of the rooms; and the governor, when he visits Tangier, brings his furniture along with him.'

Of the personal exterior of the Moors, Mr Robertson gives a glowing description. 'The Moor, especially when somewhat advanced in life, is a magnificent lion-like creature. He is rather above the middle size, stout-built, large of limb, with great display of muscle; noble features approaching to the Roman, an ample brow, a dark eye, and (in jockey phraseology) uncommonly fine action; lifts high, steps out well, and sets down his foot with a firmness of tread peculiar to himself. With turbaned head, his loins girt with a red sash, wide white trousers, and naked limbs, as he moves along with his free, unfettered stride, he presents a remarkable contrast to the close-buttoned European, with his artificial manner and confined garb—

"That sewed-up race—that buttoned nation,
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty;
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches."

The striking peculiarity of the Moor is his lion-like appearance. Often have I stood and gazed with admiration on a group of these swarthy turbaned children of the sun, squatted cross-legged, pipe in mouth, solemn and silent, under shelter of the parapet wall of the king's bastion, and wondered at the singular resemblance which their grave countenance, strongly-marked features, and air of savage dignity, gave them to the lord of the desert in repose. Place them under a palm tree beside the

* Journal of a Clergyman During a Visit to the Peninsula in the Summer and Autumn of 1841. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

Diamond of the Desert, and Rubens would glory in the picture.'

Having gratified his curiosity at Tangier, Mr Robertson returned to Gibraltar. His next excursion was to

GRANADA.

The most remarkable object in this ruined capital of ancient Moorish power and splendour is the Alhambra. 'The external appearance of this renowned palace is as remarkable for meanness and deformity as its internal structure is for richness and grace. It is precisely what Swinburne describes—"a heap of as ugly buildings as can well be seen, all huddled together, seemingly without the least intention of forming one habitation out of them." The roof is covered with deeply-channelled tile. The walls are built in a slovenly manner, and coarsely plastered. There is not the slightest attempt at external ornament—no symptom of regularity of design; so that the whole mass looks like a confused heap of coarsely-finished barns or granaries. I know not whether the external ugliness of Moorish palaces is the result of design, and in order to increase the effect by contrast of the taste, beauty, richness, and symmetry within. Certainly the effect thus produced is absolutely startling, and the surprise one experiences on entering literally bewildering. The suddenness of the change appears like enchantment. By an obscure and rudely-finished door, and through a dead wall, the construction of which would discredit a farm-yard, we are ushered into a palace which might rival the most brilliant descriptions of eastern romance. I shall not attempt to describe this singular edifice. No description, indeed, can convey the slightest idea of the building, either in the arrangement of its apartments or in its decorations. They are altogether unlike anything with which the eye is familiarised in European architecture; and the very names by which we should be forced to distinguish the different compartments, would necessarily convey a false impression of their appearance. To describe the ornaments and decorations of this fairy palace would especially be a hopeless task. The exquisite symmetry of the various courts and halls, the singular lightness and elegance of the slender marble pillars, with their fanciful capitals and richly ornamented arches, the gorgeous colouring on roof and cupola, the tasteful minuteness of the stucco lacework on walls and ceilings, the pleasing variety of mosaic patterns, the singular airy loveliness and most graceful richness of the whole, are things of which neither pen nor pencil can convey any correct idea. The fresh loveliness of the brilliant decorations of the Alhambra seems to mock the faded glories of its ancient lords. The perfect symmetry of the apartments, and the exquisite harmony of their decorations, detract much from their apparent size. But though actually of larger dimensions than they appear, they are by no means of great size. Beauty, and not grandeur, is the object aimed at by the Moorish architect; and the dimensions of the various apartments are admirably proportioned to the peculiar style of decoration. The light and elegant pillars, with their endless variety of capital; the final yet most graceful minuteness of the fretwork which adorns the walls; the beautiful, rich, but fanciful ornaments of the arches and ceilings; the carving and inlaying, and brilliant vermilion and azure colouring of the alcoves—would, in apartments of great size, be regarded as frippery and gingerbread. Here they are in perfect harmony, and accord so exquisitely with the style, dimensions, and proportions of each apartment, as to produce a whole of unrivalled grace and beauty. The Court of the Myrtles, by which we enter the palace, is the plainest, and has suffered much in its ornaments; but were it not for its proximity to the celebrated Court of the Lions, would be exceedingly admired. This last is a most exquisite specimen of that peculiarity in Moorish architecture—the open court—from which, doubtless, the Spaniards have derived their patio. The elegant and oft-described Foun-

tain of the Lions still shoots up its crystal jet in the centre of this splendid court. It consists of a double marble basin, one rising on a pedestal from the centre of the other; and from the centre of this upper basin the water is projected through a marble tube or pillar. The jet falls into the upper basin, from whence the water overflows into the lower, and is discharged from the mouths of the twelve lions which support it. The lions are grotesque, misshapen, ugly brutes. The basins are of very elegant shape and workmanship, ornamented with sculptured festoons and Arabic inscriptions. It is said to have been constructed professedly in imitation of Solomon's molten sea; to the description of which, in 1st Kings, it bears no small resemblance. "It stood upon twelve oxen, three looking toward the north, and three looking toward the west, and three looking toward the south, and three looking toward the east; and the sea was set above them, and all their hinder parts were inward. And it was an hand-breadth thick, and the brim thereof was wrought like the brim of a cup, with flowers of lilies." The oxen of the molten sea supported the basin in the same manner as the lions in the fountain of the Alhambra. The Court of the Lions probably presents the most finished specimen of architectural beauty and elegance in the world. According to Swinburne's measurement, it is one hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth. It is surrounded by an open corridor of indescribable lightness and elegance, the roof of which rests on richly-ornamented arches, supported by one hundred and sixty-four slender marble columns, curiously sculptured, and with such a variety of capitals, that no two appear to be alike. The ceiling of the corridors is of carved wood, originally gorgeously painted in azure, vermilion, and gold, and inlaid with ivory; but only enough remains of these rich decorations to prove their ancient magnificence. Three noble and gorgeously-ornamented halls open from this corridor, namely, the Sala de los Abencerrages, or "Hall of the Abencerrages," on the south; the Sala de las Dos Hermanas, or "Hall of the Two Sisters," on the north; and the Sala de Justicia, or "Hall of Justice," on the east.

Besides mere descriptions of interesting localities, Mr Robertson's pages are interspersed with anecdotes and remarks strongly illustrative of the various people amongst whom he travelled. We select the following:—

PATRIOTIC SEAMEN.

'Captain Marryatt takes notice of the fact, that the American navy is in great part manned by British sailors, and speculates on what line of conduct they might adopt in case of a war betwixt the two countries. An interesting circumstance in point occurred lately in the Bay of Gibraltar. It was at the time when great apprehensions of hostilities were entertained, owing to M'Leod's imprisonment. Two men-of-war, of nearly equal force, one British and one American, were lying opposite each other in the bay, and no one could tell but that the next post might bring tidings which should convert them into mortal enemies. In this state of matters, a considerable number of the crew of the American being British born, held a consultation together, and agreed to send a deputation to the quarterdeck to inform their captain that, in the event of a rupture betwixt the two countries, he must not depend on them, for that they would not fight against their countrymen. This is an honourable trait in the character of poor Jack, which ought not to be forgotten.'

A ROBBER EXPLOIT.

'A few weeks ago a well-dressed and gentlemanly person called at one of the principal schools of Granada, and represented himself to the teacher as a near relative of two of his young pupils. The boys were sons of a wealthy merchant of the city. The teacher, entertaining no suspicions of the purpose of his visitor, suffered him to take the boys along with him, under

pretence of purchasing some little present for them. Though they did not return so soon as was expected, little uneasiness was felt on their account, until the parents received a note informing them that their children were safe and well, and that they need entertain no apprehensions regarding them, but demanding a considerable sum of money as the condition of their being restored. The money has not yet been paid; all search has proved ineffectual; and the children are still in the hands of the thieves.'

Mr Robertson having put the chaplainship of the Presbyterian troops at Gibraltar on a better footing than hitherto, returned to his native country. His work is interspersed with many grave remarks concerning the morality of the British soldiers and sailors, to which attention cannot be too earnestly recommended, especially to those in power, who have the ability to cause the very great improvement which appears to be necessary in this respect. To all classes of readers, however, Mr Robertson's work will be found instructive and entertaining.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN.

JOHN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN, the celebrated historian of ancient art, was born on the 9th of December 1717, at Stendal, a town of Prussia, about eighty miles from Berlin. His father belonged to almost the lowest rank of life, being in fact a cobbler, struggling not only with poverty but with disease, which, at an early period of Winckelmann's life, forced him to take refuge in an hospital. As the boy grew up, he showed great anxiety to go to school; but his parents were unwilling to lose even his trifling services, and it was not without much difficulty that he at last persuaded them to send him to the burgh seminary. Once there, the rector, Esaias Wilhelm Tappert, a very worthy man, was struck with his dawning genius and earnest perseverance. He offered to instruct him for less than the usual fee, and by procuring him at the same time admission into the choir, enabled him, without drawing on his father's scanty resources, to remain at school. Young Winckelmann proved the most apt and diligent of scholars; he seldom joined in the sports of his companions: generally, when they were playing, he might be seen conning some difficult passage of a classic, or learning by heart from a manuscript before him long lists of Greek and Latin words. With his industry and fine faculties he made such progress, that Tappert promoted him, while quite a stripling, to the rank of usher; some also of the Stendal burghers employed him in giving private lessons to their children; and with the trifling gains thus acquired, Winckelmann began to find himself contributing to the support of his parents.

In time, a closer intimacy sprang up between the rector and his young protégé. Tappert lost his eyesight, and the other became his daily visitor, read to him, wrote for him, and tried in a thousand ways to cheer his solitary hours. The chief want of Winckelmann, as of every poor student, that of books, was now supplied. He had free access to his patron's well-chosen library, and he read with avidity Homer, the Greek dramatists, and works on archaeology and history. Meanwhile he was giving indications of something rarer than even an industrious and affectionate disposition. He wished to travel, he used to say, when quite a child; above all, he longed to visit Egypt, that he might behold the pyramids. His innate love for objects of art began also to display itself, as well as it could in a place so sequestered as Stendal. Long after, when the poor cobbler's son had become a famous man, his companions remembered how he incited them, by the hope of some petty reward, to search the surrounding country for antiquarian remains; and, so recently as 1821, two Roman urns were to be seen in the library of the Stendal school, which were exhibited with pride as the product of one of these excursions.

When he had reached his seventeenth year, the kind Tappert despatched him to Berlin, with a letter of introduction to the rector of a gymnasium there, under whose roof he remained for a twelvemonth, alternately instructing and instructed. He was then recalled to Stendal, where his friend the rector placed him at the head of the choir. He spent the next four years in unremitting study, endeavouring at the same time to support himself and assist his family by teaching in public and in private. We have no detailed account of his life during this period. One anecdote only remains, which relates to his residence in Berlin, and deserves to be repeated as a pleasing illustration of his youthful enthusiasm. He had heard, it is said, that the library of the celebrated Fabricius was about to be sold at Hamburg, and he determined to proceed there on foot and be present at the sale. He set out accordingly, asking charity (a common practice with poor German students in their rambles, and not considered disgraceful) of the clergymen whose houses he passed on the road; and having collected in this way a little sum, he purchased on his arrival some of his darling poets, and returned to Berlin overjoyed with his success.

Winckelmann was now twenty-one, and it was quite time for him to choose a profession. His Stendal friends thought him fitted for the church, and they sent him to obtain the necessary qualifications at the university of Halle. He had no special inclination towards theology, but he obeyed in silence, and applied himself to it with his usual ardour. At Halle he had access to public libraries, and his studies seem to have been of the most miscellaneous kind, ranging from Homer and the higher mathematics, to medicine and the ponderous tomes of the feudal lawyers. At the end of two years he abandoned theology, probably because the help from home began to fail him. He remained at Halle for six months longer, arranging the library of one of the academic authorities; and then, with the small sum that he received for this, found himself thrown friendless upon the world. He was too poor to enter any profession, and a thousand vague wishes began to agitate his breast. His love of study had been confirmed into a habit: the magnificent gallery at Dresden, to which, on the occasion of some festivities, he had paid a flying visit, was ever before his eyes, and he resolved to devote his life to literature and art. Meanwhile his early passion for wandering revived, and he now put in execution a scheme which savours of less wisdom than might have been expected from a youth of twenty-three, who had seen something of the world. Fascinated with a fresh perusal of Caesar's Commentaries, he began, in the summer of 1740, a pedestrian journey to France, solely, his biographers assure us, to visit the scene of the great Roman's military exploits. As is usual in such cases, his funds were speedily exhausted; and when near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, he was compelled to retrace his steps. The most laughable part of the story remains to be told. Arriving at the bridge of Fulda, he remarked his own dishevelled, travel-stained appearance, and fancying no one near, resolved to remedy it. He had pulled out a razor, and was about to operate on his chin, when he heard a noise, and turning round, perceived a party of ladies, who, thinking him on the point of committing suicide, were shouting for help. The truth, however, was speedily explained, and the fair intruders, it is added, generously forced on his acceptance a gift of money sufficient for him to pursue his retreat in comfort.

Poor Winckelmann now discovered that life was made of sterner stuff than such romantic dreams. He went to Jena, and there, besides mastering Italian and English, struggled hard to complete his knowledge of medicine, with a view to making it a profession. But this scheme also, after a few months, poverty compelled him to forego. He became tutor in a family at Heimerleben, and during the year and a half which he spent there, devoted his leisure to historical studies, reading, we are informed, Bayle's dictionary twice through. At

last the correctorship of the school at Seehausen was offered him, with a yearly salary of 250 thalers, little more than £35. Small as this was, it was a larger income than he had ever enjoyed: it enabled him to send something to his infirm and aged parents; accordingly he accepted the post with joy, and in the autumn of 1743 we find him installed at Seehausen.

During no period of his life does Winckelmann appear more deserving of our regard than in the years of obscure drudgery which he passed at Seehausen. He found, on his arrival, none of his scholars acquainted with more than the first rudiments of Latin and Greek; many were ignorant of their ABC; and the poorer ones could obtain no money from their parents for the purchase of the necessary school-books. Thus, in spite of his title of corrector, Winckelmann had little scope for the display of his fine genius and deep erudition. But nothing daunted, nothing discouraged him. He made, with his own hand, copies of such passages in the classical authors as his scholars became qualified to read, and these he distributed among them. He laboured and laboured, until at last things began to wear a flourishing aspect. Beyond the sphere, too, of his immediate duties, he found time both for his own intellectual improvement and for the indulgence of his kindly disposition. After school, he gave a few private lessons. In the evening, a favourite pupil, whom he instructed in philosophy and mathematics, remained till ten. Then Winckelmann belonged to himself. Seizing his Sophocles (a favourite author, of whom he was projecting a new edition), he read and annotated till midnight. When twelve struck, he never dreamt of going to bed, but, wrapping himself closely in an old fur cloak, leant back in his chair, and slept among his books till four. He then renewed his own studies for two hours more; at six the favourite pupil returned, and stayed until it was time to open school. Few scholars of Winckelmann's eminence have had, during the early portion of their career, so little leisure for private study; none ever turned that little to better account.

Five years of this laborious existence did not impair Winckelmann's health or cheerfulness of mind. He was modest and wise enough to be content with his situation, and might have remained all his life at Seehausen, had not some vexatious interference on the part of the school-inspector forced him reluctantly to leave it. After resolving on this step, he made several unsuccessful attempts to procure employment, and had finally made up his mind to betake himself to London, where, with his knowledge of languages, he hoped easily to obtain a situation as corrector of the press. Happily, during a brief visit to Dresden, in the June of 1748, he heard some one mention the vast collection of books which the Count Von Bülow, at his estate of Nöthenitz, near Dresden, was then amassing and arranging. He penned immediately a modest letter to that nobleman, imploring the most trifling literary engagement. The count inquired into his character and accomplishments, was pleased with both, and offered his petitioner a subordinate post in his library, with a yearly salary of £12! Winckelmann accepted the offer, received the money for his travelling expenses, hurried to Stendal, taking with him all the books he had through life painfully collected, commissioned a friend to sell them, and apply the proceeds in a weekly allowance to his father, to whom he bade farewell, and then proceeded, light of heart, to Nöthenitz.

The count was engaged in the composition of a history of the German empire, and Winckelmann's principal employment at Nöthenitz was to make such copies of, and extracts from, old documents as were to find a place in that work. He acquitted himself altogether to the satisfaction of his employer; nay, at first he laboured with such assiduity that his hair became gray: we do not find, however, that he received any more solid encouragement from his excellency than praises and kind words. Nevertheless, with board and lodging provided him, and a little leisure on his hands, Winckelmann was

for some time tolerably happy. He had a noble library at his command; from time to time he made excursions to Dresden, where he could converse with such men as Hagedorn and Oeser; and, still better, range at will through its picture-gallery and collection of antiquities. At last, what with the laborious fulfilment of his duties and the intensity of his private studies, even his Herculean strength gave way; his health grew daily worse; his drooping gait and emaciated frame betokened the approach of death; and his friends advised him, if he wished to live, at once to seek a warmer climate. Meanwhile (in the spring of 1751) Archinto, the papal nuncio at Dresden, came to Nöthenitz, and made, during his stay there, Winckelmann's acquaintance. He was charmed with his learning and exquisite taste, and, observing his debility, strongly recommended him to go to Italy. 'That,' cried Winckelmann, 'is the goal of all my wishes.' The nuncio begged him to pay him a visit at Dresden. There he introduced him to Father Rauch, the confessor of the king; and both hinted, among other things, that Winckelmann, by becoming a Catholic, might obtain a pension from the court of Dresden, and thus repair to Italy. Hints soon became persuasions: after long wavering, in an evil hour Winckelmann consented, and on the 11th of July 1754, abjured Lutheranism to enter the pale of the Romish church. Such changes, when they proceed from conviction, can never deserve to be visited with reprobation; but in this case, the most friendly of Winckelmann's biographers admit far other motives were at work. We learn with pleasure, that at the moment he was severely punished by the estrangement of his very dearest friends. At the same time, the Count Von Bülow must not escape uncensured. Even the tolerant and aristocratic Goethe is indignant at his niggardly neglect: the acquisition of a book-rarity the less, nay, a simple application from a minister of his influence to the court of Dresden, would have furnished the slender aid which Winckelmann purchased at so dear a rate.

His excellency contented himself with being very angry, and Winckelmann was soon of course forced to quit Nöthenitz. He repaired to Dresden; and here he found himself moneyless as ever: Archinto was in Italy, and Rauch, though very polite, kept his hand closed. Meanwhile, Winckelmann (narrowly escaping starvation) projected, drew, wrote, and studied—the last generally in the Brühl library, where Heyne was then employed. 'It is a curious fact,' remarks Mr Carlyle, in his notice of the latter, 'that these two men, so singularly correspondent in their early sufferings, subsequent distinction, line of study, and rugged enthusiasm of character, were at one time, while both as yet were under the horizon, brought into partial contact. "An acquaintance of another sort," says Heeren, "the young Heyne was to make in the Brühl library, with a person whose importance he could not then anticipate. One frequent visitor of this establishment was a certain almost wholly unknown man, whose visits could not be specially desirable for the librarians, such endless labour did he cost them. He seemed insatiable in reading, and called for so many books, that his reception there grew rather of the coolest. It was John Winckelmann. Meditating his journey for Italy, he was then laying in preparations for it. Thus did these two men become, if not confidential, yet acquainted; who at that time, both still in darkness and poverty, could little suppose that in a few years they were to be the teachers of cultivated Europe, and the ornaments of their nation." For Winckelmann, both the 'darkness' and the 'poverty' were soon to be at an end. He found means, in the May of 1755, to publish his first book, the 'Reflections on Imitation of the Greeks in Painting and Statuary,' which was dedicated to the king, and brought its author high and sudden fame. A month or two afterwards, he received the promise of an annual pension of £30; Rauch sent eighty ducats for travelling ex-

penses; and in the following October Winckelmann, now about to enter his thirty-ninth year, found himself at last in Rome.

It is not our intention to detail with the same minuteness the remaining thirteen years of Winckelmann's life, years of almost uninterrupted happiness. In Rome his health was completely restored; he needed little for the supply of his bodily wants, and that little he always obtained without difficulty. When his pension ceased, on the death, in 1759, of his patron Archinto, the Cardinal Albani invited him to become keeper of his collections, with an ample salary, and merely nominal duties. He was appointed by the Pope, in 1763, *Antiquario della Camera Apostolica*, or Superintendent of the Antiquities of Rome, an honourable post, congenial to his tastes. He lived on a familiar footing with the great and opulent; the most eminent of the artists resident in Rome were his daily companions; he had free access to the noblest collections of art in the world; and in the purest intellectual enjoyment and effort, he speedily forgot his past sufferings and struggles. Every foreigner of distinction who visited the Eternal City was proud to have Winckelmann for a cicerone: he himself delighted, when he found rank and genuine taste combined, to act in that capacity, and his conversation on such occasions was of the most brilliant and fascinating kind. The thoughts and emotions which were excited in him by the beautiful remains of antiquity, found moreover enduring expression in a long series of masterly writings. The principal of these, his *History of Ancient Art*, was begun in the second year of his residence at Rome, and published at Dresden in 1764.

The publication of this work raised him to the pinnacle of European celebrity, and more than one German potentate (the great Frederick among the rest) endeavoured, without success, to tempt Winckelmann to his court. His friends in Germany, however, prevailed upon him, in 1768, to pay them a visit; and, in the company of a Roman sculptor named Cavaceppi, he set out for his native country in the April of that year. But as the distance increased between him and his beloved Rome, he sank into a deep melancholy: when they were crossing the Tyrolean Alps, he pointed to the gloomy sky overhead, and exclaimed, 'Torniamo a Roma' (Let us return to Rome). Cavaceppi persuaded him to continue his journey, and they reached Ratisbon, where the Empress-Queen, Maria Theresa, was then residing. Winckelmann now resolved to go no further. The Austrian prime minister, Kaunitz, himself joined his expostulations to those of Cavaceppi in vain. He remained at Ratisbon till the end of May, and having been presented to the empress, who bestowed on him some costly medals in proof of her regard, proceeded to Trieste, where (preserving, we know not why, a strict incognito) he took an apartment in a hotel, purposing to sail to Italy in the first ship bound for Ancona.

He met at the common dining-table of the hotel an Italian stranger named Francesco Arcangeli, who, it afterwards appeared, had been banished for theft from the Austrian dominions. This scoundrel easily gained his confidence, by introducing him to the captain of a ship bound for Ancona, and by an agreeable and winning manner. The unsuspecting Winckelmann told him everything about himself except his name, and showed him the presents of the empress; these excited the Italian's cupidity. On Wednesday the 8th of June Arcangeli left the hotel early in the morning, and having made some purchases, returned to his room, where he remained for some time, and then (as he was daily in the habit of doing) paid a visit to Winckelmann in his apartment. The latter was sitting, without neck-cloth or upper garment, at his writing-table, on which, as it chanced, there lay unfinished his literary testament. He rose to greet his guest, and they walked together up and down the room till ten, talking of his approaching departure. Winckelmann was in the gayest humour, spoke with enthusiasm of his patron Albani's splendid villa, and begged the other to come and visit

him at Rome. Suddenly, Arcangeli asked him to show the company at dinner that day the empress's medals. He refused. 'Will you tell me, then, what your name is?' 'No; I do not wish to be recognised,' was Winckelmann's reply; and, offended with the abruptness of the questions, he sat down, with his back towards the Italian, and began to write. Arcangeli immediately took from his pocket, and threw over Winckelmann's head, a knotted cord, which, as he started up, tightened round his throat. They closed, and had struggled together for a short time, when Arcangeli drew a knife and plunged it into his victim. At this moment a servant, hearing the noise, rushed up and opened the door, through which Arcangeli escaped unpursued. It is needless to protract the catastrophe. Physicians were summoned; but all was vain; and at four in the afternoon Winckelmann expired. The assassin was some weeks afterwards captured, tried, and executed.

The news of this unexpected, mysterious, and melancholy death, was received with regret throughout all Europe, especially in Germany, where many of his admirers (the youthful Goethe among the number) were ignorant of Winckelmann's abrupt return towards Italy, and were preparing to welcome him with enthusiasm. We have left ourselves no room to speak of his works: his biography is now before the reader. We wish that Winckelmann, by avoiding the fatal error of apostasy, had allowed us to say that his was a life altogether worthy of a scholar and a man.

EVENINGS WITH THE OLD STORY-TELLERS.

WE can confidently recommend to young persons, and to the attention of all who have charge of them, a small and cheap, but elegant volume, entitled '*Evenings with the Old Story-Tellers*,' being a member of a series entitled *Burns's Fireside Library*, in which we find many excellent reprints and adaptations prepared with remarkable taste, and even elegance, notwithstanding the small prices at which they are published. The particular volume here referred to contains a connected series of examples of the stories popular in the middle ages, chiefly from the well-known collection called the *Gesta Romanorum*; the translations being only executed by the editor where there did not exist happier versions by authors of established reputation. These stories, with their unscrupulous supernaturality, their allegorically-religious characters, and primitive ideas with regard to the course of nature and providence, are a curious and interesting study; nutritive of the imagination and feelings, at the same time that they have a historical value as exponents of European opinion in past ages. They are here very pleasantly strung upon a series of conversations represented as taking place in one of the Oxford colleges. The following may serve as a specimen of the collection:—

JOVINIAN THE PROUD EMPEROR.

In the days of old, when the empire of the world was in the hands of the lord of Rome, Jovinian was emperor. Oft as he lay on his couch, and mused upon his power and his wealth, his heart was elated beyond measure, and he said within himself, 'Verily, there is no other god than me.'

It happened one morning after he had thus said unto himself, that the emperor arose, and summoning his huntmen and his friends, hastened to chase the wild deer of the forest. The chase was long and swift, and the sun was high in the heavens when Jovinian reined up his horse on the bank of a clear bright stream that ran through the fertile country on which his palace stood. Allured by the refreshing appearance of the stream, he bade his attendants abide still, whilst he sought a secluded pool beneath some willows, where he might bathe unseen.

The emperor hastened to the pool, cast off his garments, and revelled in the refreshing coolness of the waters. But whilst he thus bathed, a person like to him in form, in feature, and in voice, approached the river's bank, arrayed himself unperceived in the imperial garments, and then sprang on Jovinian's horse, and rode to meet the huntmen, who, deceived by the likeness and the dress, obeyed his

commands, and followed their new emperor to the palace gates.

Jovinian at length quitted the water, and sought in every direction for his apparel and his horse, but could not find them. He called aloud upon his attendants, but they heard him not, being already in attendance on the false emperor. And Jovinian regarded his nakedness, and said, 'Miserable man that I am! to what a state am I reduced! Whither shall I go? Who will receive me in this plight? I bethink me, there is a knight hereabout whom I have advanced to great honour; I will seek him, and with his assistance regain my palace, and punish the person who has done me this wrong.'

Naked and ashamed, Jovinian sought the gate of the knight's castle, and knocked loudly at the wicket.

'Who art thou, and what dost thou seek?' asked the porter, without unclosing the gate.

'Open, open, sirrah!' replied the emperor, with redoubled knocks on the wicket.

'In the name of wonder, friend, who art thou?' said the old porter as he opened the gate, and saw the strange figure of the emperor before the threshold.

'Who am I, I askest thou, sirrah? I am thy emperor. Go, tell thy master Jovinian is at his gate, and bid him bring forth a horse and some garments, to supply those that I have been deprived of.'

'Rascal,' rejoined the porter—'thou the emperor! Why, the emperor but just now rode up to the castle with all his attendants, and honoured my master by sitting with him at meat in the great hall. Thou the emperor! a very pretty emperor indeed. Faugh; I'll tell my master what you say, and he will soon find out whether you are mad, drunk, or a thief.'

The porter, greatly enraged, went and told his lord how that a naked fellow stood at the gate calling himself the emperor, and demanding clothes and a good steed.

'Bring the fellow in,' said the knight.

So they brought in Jovinian, and he stood before the lord of the castle, and again declared himself to be the emperor Jovinian. Loud laughed the knight to the emperor.

'What, thou my lord the emperor! Art mad, good fellow? Come, give him my old cloak, it will keep him from the flies.'

'Yes, sir knight,' replied Jovinian, 'I am thy emperor, who advanced thee to great honour and wealth, and will shortly punish thee for thy present conduct.'

'Scoundrel!' said the knight, now enraged beyond all bounds; 'traitor! Thou the emperor! ay, of beggars and fools. Why, didst not my lord but lately sit with me in my hall, and taste of my poor cheer? And didst not bid me ride with him to his palace gate, whence I am but now returned? Fool, I pitied thee before, now I see thy villany. Go, turn the fellow out, and flog him from the castle ditch to the river side.'

And the people did as the knight commanded them. So when they ceased from flogging the emperor, he sat him down on the grass, and covered him with the tattered robe, and communed on his own wretchedness.

'Oh, my God!' said Jovinian—for he now thought of other gods beside himself—is it possible that I have come to such a state of misery, and that through the ingratitude of one whom I have raised so high? And as he thus spake, he thought not of his own ingratitude to his God, through whom alone all princes reign and live. And now he brooded over vengeance. 'Ay,' said he, as he felt the sore weals on his back from the scourging—'ay, I will be avenged. When he next sees me, he shall know that he who gives can also take away. Come, I will seek the good duke, my ablest counsellor; he will know his sovereign, and gladly aid him in his calamity.' And with these thoughts he wrapped his cloak round him, and sought the house of the good duke.

Jovinian knocked at the gate of the duke's palace, and the porter opened the wicket, and seeing a half-naked man, asked him why he knocked, and who he was.

'Friend,' replied the emperor, 'I am Jovinian. I have been robbed of my clothes whilst bathing, and am now with no apparel, save this ragged cloak; and no horse; so tell the duke the emperor is here.'

The porter, more and more astonished at the emperor's words, sought his master, and delivered Jovinian's message to him.

'Bring in the poor man,' said the duke; 'peradventure he is mad.'

So they brought Jovinian into the duke's great hall, and

the duke looked on him, but knew him not. And when Jovinian reiterated his story, and spoke angrily unto the duke, he pitied him. 'Poor mad fellow,' said the good duke, 'I have but just now returned from the palace, where I left the very emperor thou assumest to be. Take him to the guard-house. Perhaps a few days' close confinement on bread and water may cool his heated brain. Go, poor fellow; I pity thee!'

So the servants did as their lord commanded, and they fed Jovinian on bread and water, and after a time turned him out of the castle; for he still said he was the emperor. Sorely and bitterly did the emperor weep and bewail his miserable fate when the servants drove him from the castle gate. 'Alas, alas!' he exclaimed in his misery, 'what shall I do, and whither shall I resort? Even the good duke knew me not, but regarded me as a poor madman. Come, I will seek my own palace, and discover myself to my wife. Surely she will know me at least.'

'Who art thou, poor man?' asked the king's porter of him when he stood before the palace gate, and would have entered in.

'Thou oughtest to know me,' replied Jovinian, 'seeing thou hast served me these fifteen years.'

'Served you, you dirty fellow,' rejoined the porter. 'I serve the emperor. Serve you, indeed!'

'I am the emperor. Dost thou not know me? Come, my good fellow, seek the empress, and bid her, by the sign of the three moles on the emperor's breast, send me hither the imperial robes, which some fellow stole whilst I was bathing.'

'Ha, ha, fellow! Well, you are royally mad. Why, the emperor is at dinner with his wife. Well, well, I'll do thy bidding, if it be but to have the whipping of thee afterwards for an impudent madman. Three moles on the emperor's breast! How royally thou shalt be beaten, my friend.'

When the porter told the empress what the poor madman at the gate had said, she held down her head, and said with a sorrowful voice unto her lord, 'My good lord and king, here is a fellow at the palace gate that hath sent unto me, and bids me, by those secret signs known only to thou and me, to send him the imperial robes, and welcome him as my husband and my sovereign.'

When the fictitious emperor heard this, he bade the attendants bring in Jovinian. And lo! as he entered the hall, the great wolf-hound, that had slept at his feet for years, sprang from his lair, and would have pulled him down, had not the attendants prevented him; whilst the falcon, that had sat on his wrist in many a fair day's hawking, broke her jesses, and flew out of the hall—so changed was Jovinian the emperor.

'Nobles and friends,' said the new emperor, 'hear ye what I will ask of this man.'

And the nobles bowed assent, whilst the emperor asked of Jovinian his name, and his business with the empress.

'Askest thou me who I am, and wherefore I am come?' rejoined Jovinian. 'Am not I thy emperor, and the lord of this house and this realm?'

'These our nobles shall decide,' replied the new king. 'Tell me now, which of us twain is your emperor?'

And the nobles answered with one accord, 'Thou dost trifle with us, sire. Can we doubt that thou art our emperor, whom we have known from his childhood? As for this base fellow, we know not who he is.'

And with one accord the people cried out against Jovinian that he should be punished.

On this the usurper turned to the empress of Jovinian—'Tell me,' said he, 'on thy true faith, knowest thou this man, who calls himself emperor of this realm?'

And the empress answered, 'Good, my lord; have not thirty years passed since I first knew thee, and became the mother of our children? Why askest thou me of this fellow? And yet it doth surprise me how he should know what none save you and I can know.'

Then the usurper turned to Jovinian, and with a harsh countenance rebuked his presumption, and ordered the executioners to drag him by the feet by horses until he died. This said he before all his court; but he sent his servant to the jailer, and commanded him to scourge Jovinian, and for this once to set him free.

The deposed emperor desired death. 'Why,' said he to himself, 'should I now live? My friends, my dependents, yea, even the partner of my bed, shun me, and I am desolate among those whom my bounties have raised. Come, I will seek the good priest, to whom I so often have laid

open my most secret faults: of a surety he will remember me.'

Now the good priest lived in a small cell nigh to a chapel about a stone's cast from the palace gate; and when Jovinian knocked, the priest being engaged in reading, answered from within, 'Who's there? Why troublest thou me?'

'I am the Emperor Jovinian; open the window; I would speak to thee,' replied the fugitive.

Immediately the narrow window of the cell was opened, and the priest, looking out, saw no one save the poor half-clothed Jovinian. 'Depart from me, thou accursed thing,' cried the priest; 'thou art not our good lord the emperor, but the foul fiend himself, the great tempter.'

'Alas, alas!' cried Jovinian, 'to what fate am I reserved, that even my own good priest despises me? Ah me! I bethink me; in the arrogance of my heart I called myself a god. The weight of my sin is grievous unto me. Father, good father, hear the sins of a miserable penitent.'

Gladly did the priest listen to Jovinian; and when he had told him all his sins, the good priest comforted the penitent, and assured him of God's mercy if his repentance was sincere. And so it happened that on this a cloud seemed to fall from before the eyes of the priest; and when he again looked on Jovinian, he knew him to be the emperor, and he pitied him, clothing him with such poor garments as he had, and went with him to the palace gate.

The porter stood in the gateway, and as Jovinian and the priest drew near, he made a lowly obeisance, and opened the gate for the emperor. 'Dost thou know me?' asked the emperor.

'Very well, my lord,' replied the servant; 'but I wish that you had not left the palace.'

So Jovinian passed on to the hall of his palace; and as he went, all the nobles rose and bowed to the emperor; for the usurper was in another apartment, and the nobles knew again the face of Jovinian.

But a certain knight passed into the presence of the false emperor. 'My lord,' said he, 'there is one in the great hall to whom all men bow; for he so much resembleth you, that we know not which is the emperor.'

Then said the usurper to the empress, 'Go and see if you know this man.'

'Oh, my good lord,' said the empress, when she returned from the hall, 'whom can I believe? Are there, then, two Jovinians?'

'I will myself go and determine,' rejoined the usurper, as he took the empress by the hand, and, leading her into the great hall, placed her on the throne beside himself. 'Kinsfolk and nobles,' said the usurper, 'by the oaths ye have sworn, determine between me and this man.'

And the empress answered, 'Let me, as in duty bound, speak first. Heaven be my witness, I know not which is my lord and husband.'

And all the nobles said the same.

Thereupon the feigned Jovinian rose and spake: 'Nobles and friends, hearken! That man is your emperor and your master; hear ye him! Know that he did exalt himself above that which was right, and made himself equal unto God. Verily he hath been rewarded. He hath suffered much indignity and wrong; and, of God's will, ye knew him not. He hath repented him of his grievous sin, and his scourge is now removed. He has made such satisfaction as man can make. Hear ye him, know him, obey him.'

As the feigned emperor thus addressed the astonished nobles, his features seemed illumined with a fair and spiritual light, his imperial robes fell from off him, and he stood confessed before the assembly an angel of God, clothed in white raiment. And as he ended his speech, he bowed his head, and vanished from their sight.

Jovinian returned to his throne, and for three years reigned with so much mercy and justice, that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their emperor. And it came to pass, after the space of three years, the same angel appeared to him in a dream, and warned him of his death. So Jovinian dictated his troublous life to his secretaries, that it might remain as a warning unto all men against worldly pride, and an incitement to the performance of our religious duties. And when he had so done, he meekly resigned himself, and fell asleep in death.

The moral of the story is thus given:—'Jovinian was but the picture of the proud, worldly-minded man, entirely given up to vanity and folly. The first knight whose castle he visited was True Wisdom, ever disdain-

ful of the pomps and vanities of the world. The next knight was Conscience. The dog that turned against his old master was the lusts of the flesh, our own evil desires, which will ever in the end turn against those who have pampered them. The falcon is God's grace; the empress, man's soul; and the clothes in which the good priest clothed the half-frozen emperor are those kingly virtues which he had thrown off when he gave loose to the vanities of the world.'

SAVINGS' BANKS IN FRANCE.

THE establishment of savings' banks, recognised as they now are by government, is a measure calculated to benefit the humbler classes of society. The advantages they offer are twofold—safe custody, and 'improvement' by interest. The poor man cannot command the same facilities with his scanty savings as the rich man with his large accumulations; he does not find it easy to meet with fit persons who will take charge of it; and if he retains it in his own possession he makes no profit, and is exposed to the chance of being plundered. Here, then, the savings' banks afford him the opportunity of making a secure deposit, whether for present or for future use. Once in the safe keeping of the bank, the sum may become a nucleus of accumulation, and is beyond the risk of improvident emergencies. The greatest difficulty with working men is to lead them to acquire the first habits of order, foresight, and economy. Induce a labourer or an artisan to deposit even the smallest saving, week by week, until the entire sum shall amount to £5, and it is certain that, before arriving at that period, he will become sensible of the propriety and the necessity for saving. He will appear a new individual; one who no longer regards himself as an outcast, without a future, but who will take and maintain his standing among the producers and preservers of national wealth. His conduct will become more regular, his habits more moral; he will be a better workman, better husband, father, and citizen.

From a little work written on this subject by Baron Charles Dupin,* we learn that savings' banks were introduced into France soon after their legal establishment in England. A model bank, presided over by the duke of Laroche-foucauld-Liancourt, was started in Paris in the year 1818, from which date up to the year 1830, only twelve others were instituted, and those were all in the departments; that is, the country. In 1831, a year remarkably fatal to the interests of the working population, no new bank was founded; but in 1832, when the effects of the Revolution of July began to be felt in popular institutions, four others were established; in 1833, nine; forty-eight in 1834; and at the present day, France contains four hundred and fifty savings' banks, showing a remarkable and rapid progress, which impressively illustrates the blessings and advantages of peace.†

In 1830, the year of the Revolution, the deposits in the savings' banks in France amounted to £207,824, and the sums drawn out to £150,276, being £100,000 more than in the previous year. In 1831—a year characterised by riots at Lyons and Paris, and great commercial distress, when the poor were excited against the rich, and civil war showed its head for a moment—

* Histoire, Constitution, et Avenir des Caisse d'Épargne de France. Paris: 1844.

† The first savings' bank in England was started, but unsuccessfully, in the year 1798. The idea was adopted with better success in Scotland in 1807 by the minister of the parish of West Calder, who instituted a bank for his parishioners; and afterwards, in 1810, by Henry Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire. The latter took the care of the administration of the establishment upon himself, and published the result in a well written pamphlet, in which he explained the system and its advantages, and succeeded in drawing public attention to the enterprise. In 1813, Sir William Forbes established the bank of Edinburgh upon a plan which served as a model to all that succeeded it. From the additional experience gained by the experiments in Scotland, the original bank was founded in London within a year or two afterwards, under the management of Mr Baring.

the sums withdrawn were less by L.60,000 than in 1830. In 1832—when France, in common with other countries, was visited by the cholera, when the deaths in Paris increased from their usual average of 25,000 to 48,000—the deposits were L.125,808, and the sums withdrawn L.122,668. The statistics of the succeeding years are not given; but in 1842, it appears that the deposits amounted to L.3,800,000; a proof, as Baron Dupin observes, that the people have begun to appreciate the peaceful tendencies of the age.

In 1815, an attempt was made to unite the savings' banks of Paris with the *Monts Piétés*, or pawnbrokers' institutions. This plan had been adopted in other parts of the kingdom, but was successfully resisted in the capital. One of the strongest objections urged against it was the check it would give to depositors, from the repugnance that many would feel to enter an establishment in which it might be supposed they placed pledges rather than deposits. Baron Dupin avails himself of the statistics of the *Monts Piétés* to draw a few conclusions as to the physical condition of the people at certain periods. He takes the first quarters of the years 1837, 1838, and 1839 respectively, and finds that 1838 presents the most favourable indications, and 1839 the most unfavourable; while the amount of pledges, for the three quarters taken together, exceeded that of objects redeemed by L.117,480. There is one other point of view which these returns present of the condition of the community, relating to their means of recreation. The Easter festivities are regarded by the working population of Paris with especial favour: they make every exertion to redeem their wearing apparel, in order to take part in the general holiday. The tables show, that in 1837 the amount for articles withdrawn exceeded that of pledges by L.1604; in 1838, by L.1408; but in 1839, a year of distress, the pledges were in excess to the amount of L.15.

These facts are interesting, although not strictly connected with the subject under consideration. We have introduced them, to show the wide views taken by Baron Dupin in his inquiries, which are those of a philosopher earnest for the truth. He goes on to draw a comparison between the banks of Paris and those of London during a period of eighteen years, when, making allowance for the difference of population, the balance, as regards the number of depositors, is in favour of the former city by more than half; but when the counties of England are compared with the departments of France, the returns of the former are as 12 to 1 of the latter. The comparison is then extended to various cities and towns of France, the result of which is shown in a table giving the number of depositors to every 1000 inhabitants; and here it is justly observed, that the savings' banks may be taken as a moral index of the state of the population. In Metz, the chief town of the department of the Moselle, the proportion of depositors is 71 to each 1000 inhabitants; while in the commercial city of Lyons it is only 3 to the 1000: in the department of the Rhone, in which the latter city is situated, each 1000 of the population contributes L.322 annually to the lotteries; in the Moselle, for the same number, the contribution is L.20. This is public gaming; but in private the result is still worse. For the same numbers, the duty on playing cards, in the Rhone department, is L.5; the Moselle, eight shillings. The actual state of the respective localities confirms these conclusions. In Metz, many excellent schools of popular instruction have been established by men eminent for their zeal and disinterestedness, which comprehend the teaching of adults, and the application of science to the arts and to the business of daily life. There reason, prudence, and virtue are held up as honourable to the career of the working man, at the same time that he is improved in his knowledge of his peculiar occupation: but at Lyons everything remains to be done; the higher classes have yet to learn 'the pleasure of succouring the weak; and the latter, the happy experience of gratitude for enjoyed benefits.'

With regard to the moral progress of the population of Paris, we are informed that, a quarter of a century ago, they threw L.1,160,000 annually into the lotteries; but now not a sixpence is expended in this way: formerly, L.240,000 to L.360,000 were lost in other fatal games of chance, now unknown. Gaming-houses, scandalously tolerated or authorised, devoured alike the abundance of the rich and the last sou of the poor: they are now abolished by the laws. Then, the practice of economy was unknown or neglected among the working-classes, now they save L.1,440,000 annually; and the number of depositors, of which *bona fide* workmen constitute three-fourths, increases from 12,000 to 14,000 every year. The proportion of paupers, as well as of illegitimate births, is also diminishing, but with deplorable slowness. At the commencement of the era, 205 in every 1000 births were abandoned; now only 120; which, observes Baron Dupin, 'are 120 too many.' The streets and public places do not present the same aspect of debauchery and unmitigated license as before. Thus far the results are favourable and gratifying; but we learn that, on the other hand, one third of the population is, at the present time, living in a state of concubinage, one third of the children is illegitimate, one third of the deaths takes place in the pauper wards of the hospitals, uncared for or unwept by the surviving relatives; such are the morals of Paris—Paris ameliorated. Baron Dupin endeavours to account for this state of things by the fact, that two thirds of the population have not yet come forward as depositors in the savings' banks, and of those who do so, many do not deposit their savings oftener than once in six months; while others grow indifferent, and cease to deposit at the end of five or six years. The savings' bank in such a case, instead of being the perpetual treasury of the people, is in reality, for the mass, only the magic lantern of transient economy.

At the present day, savings' banks are to be found in 450 cities and towns of France, in which places 600,000 families, the elite of the working-classes, have confided to the treasury of the state more than L.1,360,000, saved penny by penny, the fruits of their self-denying industry. Soldiers and seamen, to the number of 40,000, are possessors of L.1,240,000, which, every year, at the expiration of their term of service, enables them to buy a small portion of land, or the tools of a trade, in order to live honourably and actively after having served their country. Of the 80,000 national guards, one half are depositors; and, taking the whole kingdom, there are 35,000 clerks in public or private establishments whose deposits amount to L.1,400,000. A similar sum is held by 96,000 orphans and 46,000 widows; two classes who are thus sheltered from the privations usually attendant on their bereaved condition. The number of workmen and domestic servants enrolled as depositors is 250,000; the amount of their deposits is not stated; but the number is continually increasing. Last on the list appear 140,000 labourers, the owners of L.400,000.*

Baron Dupin concludes with an appeal to the good sense of the working-classes. 'Our commercial laws are free: all may rise: an iron barrier no longer excludes the workman: the only conditions required are, that he be active, intelligent, and industrious. Many names might be cited, now associated with honour and splendour, whose owners were originally workmen, who began by depositing a shilling in the bank.' He then indulges in a little national feeling, and anticipates the time when the present monarch of France may say, 'I found L.240,000 in the people's banks, and leave therein L.40,000,000.'

We close this article with a few lines from Mr Tidd Pratt's work on savings' banks. 'Every person who has vested his savings in the public funds has a stake in the security of the country, proportioned not merely

* The present number of depositors in the savings' banks of the United Kingdom exceeds 980,000; the amount of deposits is nearly L.27,900,000 and a half.

to the sum total of those savings, but to the value of that sum to himself, and will be deterred from compassing the disturbance of his native land by a personal motive, added to the influence of duty. He will feel the importance of public peace and public credit with that strong conviction which individual interest never fails to inspire; and, in answer to the objections of those who would be jealous of the support thus obtained to the ruling powers, it should be observed, that he who possesses property in a country is not interested in the stability of the administration for the time being, but in the perpetual stability of universal order and good government."

RURAL NOTES—ALGÆ, OR SEA-WEEDS.

[This little paper is abridged from the *Inverness Courier* newspaper. It is interesting as a fair specimen of the compositions of the numerous reflecting and observant men scattered over our country in the capacity of land-agents; and we have no doubt that its thoughtful reference to nature at large will, with most of our readers, be sufficient to excuse the local application of some of its details.]

We have a great and growing antipathy at the term *weed*, and cannot help coming to the belief that Dr Johnson was not following his own nose when he defined weed as an herb 'noxious or useless,' as we apprehend such an anomaly as a weed, in the sense entertained by the doctor, has no place in nature. The doctor, if he had exercised his own judgment in the matter, would, we are convinced, have come to a different conclusion, and would, or at least should, have defined it 'an herb, the use of which is not yet understood.' With all due deference to the great lexicographer, and as the term is probably too firmly fixed in our language ever to be eradicated, we would define weed as an agent for gathering, arranging, and storing up matter below the reach of, and intangible to, animal and the higher grades of vegetable life; thus fulfilling a great and mighty end in the scheme of creation—the gathering together of the stray substances which, amid nature's varied manufactures, has as it were slipped through her fingers, and would have run to waste, and converting them, by sure and certain processes, into tangible and useful compounds.

In the article of the *algæ*, or *sea-weeds*, we are particularly struck with the economy of nature in so singularly adapting the means to the end. The office of these plants is to collect the stray substances held in solution by the salt water, particularly the alkalies and phosphates; and as these have to be extracted from the water, and not from the earth beneath it, the plants have no roots, properly speaking, but simply processes for clinging to the hard and flinty rocks, as points of attachment; while, at the same time, in place of a firm and erect stem to keep the branches and leaves expanded, as in terrestrial plants, and which would be cumbersome and unhandy for plants which change their medium as often and as regularly as the tides, they are furnished with innumerable air-bags or vessels for accomplishing this purpose, so that the branches and leaves of the plant may come in contact with the greatest possible quantity of water consistent with its size—these air-vessels serving the double purpose of furthering the plant in its destined office, and when this is accomplished, floating it to our shores and beaches to be applied to useful purposes.

In sailing or steaming round our west and northern coasts in the months of April and May, one is struck with the number of boats and men, and horses and carts, and women and boys, and wheels, all busily employed at ebb tide in cutting and carrying away *sea-weed* from the shores, for the purpose of manuring the fields; and when we think of the immense quantities of potatoes raised almost exclusively by this manure, and the number of people who live upon them not only in the country, but in the towns to which they are exported, we must come to the conclusion that the *algæ*, or *sea-weeds*, are a tribe of plants of vast importance to a large section of the population of Scotland at least; and, when taken in conjunction with the peaty and waste soils round our coasts, almost invaluable, as no species of manure reduces a rough peaty soil so quickly to a state fit for the production of human food. There is no need of waiting for the 'meliorating efforts of the atmosphere' where there is plenty of *sea-weed*. The lotter, with *sea-weed* at command, commences his spring labour at the middle of April, and by the middle of May, if the weather

be propitious, will have planted potatoes sufficient to serve a numerous family all the year round; and that on the most forbidding peaty soils, never before touched by the spade of man, and of the value, in its natural state, of some three-halfpence or twopence per Scotch acre. This is always done on what is called the *lasy-bed system*, which, in spite of the name, is perhaps the best system for 'bringing in' all rough, deep, peaty soils, as the lotter can always calculate on a crop the first season by this mode—an immense affair to a person whose capital or stock in trade consists merely of his 'thaws and sinews.'

If we may judge from the scramble there is for *sea-weed* all over the thickly-peopled parts of our sea-coasts in March, April, and May, there is evidently a very great demand and want of *sea-weed* for agricultural purposes; as, besides the great breadths annually cut from the shores at spring tides, hundreds of boats and men are yearly employed dragging it from the bottom with grappling irons—and a most laborious and tedious operation it is—to eke out the scanty supply, and which supply will become yearly more scanty as population increases and waste lands are being taken in. With these views, I need not say that I believe an increase of the *sea-weed* round our coasts would be a very great blessing and advantage, and would form a permanent source of subsistence to thousands yet unborn; and I am gratified to say that this can be accomplished to a very great extent in a great many situations, and at an expense not likely to prove a barrier in this age of overflowing capital. It is well known that *sea-weed* prevails most on our rocky coasts; and the reason of this simply is, that the weed requires a point of attachment—something tangible and steadfast to hold by—that it may spread its branches and leaves to catch the stray matter held in solution by the water. With this point of attachment, nothing further is required to constitute a perennial field of *algæ*; nature does all the rest. And hence there need be no dread of greedy and slothful tenants over-cropping the land, dissipating the phosphates, and allowing the drains to choke up, and forgetting to pay the per centage on the capital you had invested in them. This is a bargain you are making with nature, and she never repudiates. Here, for once, that wise old saw of that wise old cock, Franklin—namely, that always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon runs to the bottom—is rendered null. There is nothing but cut and come again with the *sea-weed*: it is, in fact, a modern exemplification of the widow's cruise and the barrel of meal on a gigantic scale. In walking along the sea-coast at ebb tide, we see that, wherever a beetling cliff projects into the sea, and, as a consequence, the shattered rocks that tumble down from time to time are strewn along the beach, here it is that the *sea-weeds* are most luxuriant. Now, what nature does in this case we can do artificially, and that to our advantage, as, from the laws that govern falling bodies, the beach must have a certain inclination before the shattered rocks can roll into, and remain in, the zone where the *algæ* naturally grow. Now, the inclination required to be so great where stones roll in by their own gravity, that the breadth of this zone is consequently greatly narrowed, and instead of having a breadth of *sea-weed*—as we may have artificially—of a half, or even a whole mile, we have frequently only a few yards.

All that is necessary to constitute a field of *sea-weed*, is to strew the shore under high-water mark with rough boulders from the nearest cliff; and in order that the shores may be regularly planted, the stones should be regularly laid down at the rate of about one in every yard square. This 'planting' of the shores is not at all a new thing, but has been practised on a small scale in various parts of the Highlands, and, in every instance that I have heard of, with the very best success. I lately visited a small patch that had been thus artificially done, some twenty or twenty-five years since, and was quite pleased with the result, as it looked better than any natural piece of *sea-weed* within miles of it. The piece consisted of about one-third of a Scotch acre, and was done by a small lotter in liquidation of arrears of rent. He, the lotter, I believe, still enjoys the *sea-weed* of this piece, which he and a neighbour of his assured me could be easily disposed of at 24s. every two years, or 12s. yearly, being at the rate of 36s. yearly per Scotch acre. I could not so easily ascertain the expense the job had actually cost, as your genuine Celt has an innate caution about him in all matters relative to pounds, shillings, and pence, and has as much dread of breaking through or establishing any precedent that may hereafter infringe his interests, as any lawyer who ever sat

at the Queen's Bench. I, however, understood that the job had been the 'dernier resort' of the landlord, and probably cost twice as much as it would have done under ordinary circumstances.

In looking at the job, I had no doubt that it could have been done in the present day at about L8 or L10 per Scotch acre. Supposing, then, the value of an acre of sea-weed at 30s., and the expense of creating it L10, the investment would be something about a seven years' purchase—no bad 'spec.' one should think, in the present state of the money market; and in stock as permanent as the earth itself.

In carrying out improvements of this kind, little engineering skill is required. The only thing to be considered is the nature of the rock or stone to be laid down; and, contrary to what one would expect, land stones are greatly superior to stones taken from either salt or fresh water, and in all cases give, and continue to give, a much superior crop. The reason of this seems simply to be, the smoothness of the surface of rolled or water-worn stones not permitting the seeds of the plant, in the first instance, to form a lodgment; and, in the second place, being too smooth for the fibrous attaching apparatus of the plant to keep a permanent hold of. In regard to the size of the stones, little nicety is required; large stones will do equally as well as small; but it is evident they will be much more expensive in first laying down. Stones of from twenty to forty pounds would be a very handy size, and such as carry a close covering of lichens, and break with a rough granular fracture, will probably answer best. When too small, they are apt to be carried out to sea, or cast upon the beach when under a full crop of buoyant sea-weed. The convenience and accessibility of the situation will naturally influence the planter; as also the risk of the new-laid stones being lifted or sanded up; but this is easily guarded against. When we look at the miles and miles on end of barren gravel and sand on some of our sea-coasts, without one vestige of vegetation, and our eye at last rests on some rocky corner abounding in marine vegetable life, we are struck with the difference, but merely imagine that this corner, somehow or other, is favourable to the growth of sea-weed. We do not advert to the fact, that the sea is imbued with the same qualities and influences on the barren and gravelly beach as in the rocky and weedy corner; nevertheless it is the same. The rent and shattered rocks precipitated into the sea from the cliffs above is the work of nature in her incessant career of building up and pulling down. This operation we can happily imitate, to the extent at least of strewing our shores with the fragments of our mountains; while nature at the same time 'bears a hand,' and clothes these fragments with perpetual verdure.

BRIEF LIFE OF THE 'ITALIAN BOYS.'

The following affecting passage occurs in the recently published 'Address' of a society formed for the protection and education of these wanderers, of whose history and mode of life a sketch was given in No. 622 of our former series:—Of the poor Italian boys who have so long enlivened our streets with almost the only music which could be had out of the concert or drawing-room, hundreds are the victims of a set of men who periodically visit Italy, and convert the face of that lovely land into a slave-market, selecting chiefly from the mountains the little creatures whom we see daily around us, making an agreement with the parents to house, feed, and clothe them for a term of years, and at the end of that time to set them free with a certain sum—seldom or never paid. The boys arrive here, and then what is their condition? Day after day, early and late, in the hottest time of summer, in the stormiest and most inclement of winter, are these poor fellows forced to drag along their heavy organs from street to street; they have to live as they best can on the casual charity of passers-by; they are expected to bring home a certain sum daily; and also frequently towards nightfall—not daring to meet their masters without the stipulated amount—they may be seen begging piteously. Their clothes are filthy rags; their lodging is of the most miserable description. They are huddled together in one of the most unhealthy, the most crowded, the lowest localities of London, in small, ill-ventilated rooms, many in a room, worse housed than animals, badly as slaves ever were. From being so many hours a day under the weight of a heavy organ (to say nothing of their long exposure, ill-clad and ill-fed, to our sickle

climate), they contract fearful disorders, such as hernia, varicose veins, diseases of the spine, &c.; and it has been calculated by a medical man, one of their own countrymen, that the average duration of time during which they can continue such occupation is about eight years, by which time their constitutions are utterly broken down. 'We know,' says a public journal, commenting upon this passage, 'of but one cure for this species of importation, and that is, a universal public agreement never to give these beggars any money to carry to their masters. Let them once learn that the trade is unprofitable, and it will assuredly cease.'

THE MAIDEN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH DOERING.

MAIDEN.

HATEFUL MIRROR! prithee say,
Why torment me every day?
Why to shatter these provoke me?
Spiteful thing! I here invoke thee:
Why detect each summer stain?
Ever glad to give me pain?
Every spot malicious show,
Though unseen by any beau?

MIRROR.

Maiden! wherefore thus complaining?
'Tis unjust. I love not paining
Thee, nor any other beauty;
To each and all I do my duty.
To praise or blame I'm always ready—
Fearless—faithful—honest—steady:
To tell the truth to every creature,
Is part of my transparent nature!

MAIDEN.

Hence! I hate thee! get away!
More unsufferable each day
Thine unfeeling bluntness grows,
Blemishing each charm that glows
O'er a form—a face so fair,
All my lovers say, and swear,
Angels in their forms divine,
Scarce in brighter beauty shine!

MIRROR.

Maiden, maiden! blustering youth,
Hectoring over sense and truth,
Who such shameless flatteries lavish,
Would thy sober senses ravish!
Coming years each grace will banish,
And these false ones all shall vanish:
Say—shall thy true friend be broken?
Be it so—the words are spoken.
I am ready for the worst.
Strike!—but thou must promise first,
Heartless fops that fawn and flatter,
With indignant scorn to scatter
From thy presence, like a haze
Of stinging gnats in summer days:
Trust me, then, thy woman's heart
From thy true friend will not part.
Anger for a time controls
Vanity's misguided souls.
Thou'rt all too noble, and too pure,
Long such thralldom to endure,
Nor would'st thou break this heart of mine:
Thou wilt but firmer intertwine
Our bonds of love!—since now thou'rt 'ware
Of vanity's perfidious snare.

London, Feb. 1845.

E. L.

DUTY.

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest become strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle: 'It is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of ruin, astonished at our own desolation.—
Mrs Jameson.

Printed by William Bealson, of No. 6, York Place, and Alexander Melrose Brown, of No. 7, Church Lane, both of St. Giles's, in the county of Middlesex, printers, at their office, Lombard Street, in the parishes of St. Andrew's, and city of London; and Published (with permission of the Proprietors, W. and E. CHAMBERS,) by WILLIAM CHAMBERS, of No. 2, ABERCROMBIE'S COURT, in the parish of St. Andrew's, and in the city of London.—Saturday, March 22, 1845.